

ASAD
MEMORIALI.
OF
HENRY CURWEN
ESQUIRE, THE MOST
WORTHY AND ONELY
CHILD OF St PATRICIUS

CURWEN Baroner of *War-*
lington in Cam-
berland,

WHO WITH INFI-
NITE SORROW OF
all that knew him depar-
ted this life *August: 21.*
being Sunday:
1636.

IN THE FOURTEENTH
yeare of his age; and lyes in-
terred in the Church of
Amersham in Buc-
kingham shire.

OXFORD

Printed by W. TURNER.

1638.





TO MY HONORABLE
FRIENDS S^r PATRICIUS
CURWEN Baronet, and his ver-
tuous LADY, peace
and comfort.

Right Noble and R. Vertuous,



Ou were pleased to
put into my hands
a *Jewell* of great
price, your onely
Child, I received
him with joy, I lost him with
griefe. Vpon this paper I have
spent more teares than inke, sighs
than sentences: could my groanes
have fetch'd him, the grave had
yeelded him. But now, you and
I must learne, (God prosper the
A 2 Lesson)

Lesson) *Wee must goe to him, hee
cannot returne to us : God hath ta-
ken but his owne, and wee may
not murmure ; my love to the
deceased ; my devotednesse to
You, hath drawne into view the
substance of five houres medi-
tation, and those distracted with
sorrows: as love hath composed
these lines, so love, I trust, will
shelter them : if I may doe any
thing to You acceptable, to the
memory of my Jewell friendly,
that day in all my life shall be
accounted by me a great day; for
no longer shall I live, than I shall
also live*

*Yours ever devoted
to Your service
Ch. C.*



THE AVTHOR TO THE READER.

Gentle Reader,



These papers have lien two years in Cumberland in a Manuscript, which privacie not satisfying the great affection of Noble Parents towards their deceased Son, they are now come to thy view. The memory of the Gentleman (the mournfull subject) you will soone perceive was worthy all continuance: Achilles is yet remembred for Homer; but if I Be thought on, it is for worthy CURWEN; Achilles for the excellencie of the writer, I of the subject: for I freely acknowledge, the Penman will deserve little of his Reader, but the Gentleman that is described, all imitation. Fruere & vale.

THE AUTHOR TO

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE
HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF
THE
LORD OF THE
TREASURY
OF THE
COMMONS
OF GREAT
BRITAIN
AND
IRELAND
IN PARLIAMENT
ASSEMBLED
BY
JAMES
MACKINTOSH
ESQ.
OF
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1791



Iob. 14. 2.

He commeth forth as a flower and is cut downe.



Oly, but yet afflicted Iob, from the sad meditation of mans fraile condition in generall, *Man borne of a woman is of few daies, and full of trouble:* and sharpe sense of his owne in paticular, *verse. 3.* deprecates very earnestly Gods judgements, doest thou open thine eye upon such a one, and bringest mee into judgement with thee? *me a man of few dayes, me a flower, me a shadow?* wilt thou looke narrowly upon the actions of mortalls, saith Pine-da, and trie them *summo iure, in rigour?*

B

wilt

wilt thou set an appointed day for man to answer thee as at a fearefull barre of judgement? wilt thou open thine all seeing eyes to pry severely into this creature? This manner of expression speakes thus much, it cannot be, thou wilt not doe this thing. Thou wilt not condemne him that in pœnitentiall sorrow judgeth himselfe; nor afflict beyond measure so weake a creature. but v.6. thou wilt turne from him that hee may rest, and accomplish as a hireling his day.

In brieffe *Iob* inferres from mans frailty that he standeth in neede of the compassion, indulgence, and tender mercies of his maker. A great part of frailty here bewailed, is mans transitory estate, and subjection unto death, *man, and doluit, are touched in the same way.* so long as he is man, he is in paine, hee weares away, which momentany condition, *Iob* expresseth by resemblances taken from a flower and a shadow, the one withereth or

is cut downe; the other suddenly passeth away. The one hath a *short being*, and the other is nothing.

This flower may signify either whatsoever is of eminency, strength, vivacity, comelineffe in mans life, all which like *Jonah* his Gourd, is withered as soone as growne up: or it may signifie the spring, and flourishing time of mans age, his youth, which hath no more priviledge against death, then the grasse, and flower of the field hath, against the sicke of the mower.

The flower to which the most flourishing men are resembled hath two properities here laid before us 1. to flourish, 2. to decay, or to be cut downe, it is thus with the flower, it is thus with all the glory of man, heare it and be instructed by it.

First, man is as a flower, it may be admitted in the growth, fragrancy, comelineffe, beauty of a flower, youth hath much of this, and our blessed friend depar-

ted had all of it God hath made of meane matter, of a little red earth an excellent fabrick; hee hath put *miris modis*, bloud into the veines, into the bones marrow, into the limmes proportion, into the lineaments comelineſſe, in the complexion beauty, into the handes ſtrength, the tongue pleaſantneſſe, the eyes majeſty, and the head capacity, that *ex venuſtate & dignitate* the beauty of man might be compleat. *ὡς γυναικὸς παντὸς ἄνδρος ἡ τῆς οὐρα, ἔσται ὁ θεὸς χριστὸς* Basil. in hexam. hom. 6.

Underſtand O man thine owne dignity, thou art earth by nature, yet the worke of divine handes; the worke of thoſe handes, that give the flower out of duſt, beauty out of aſhes.

This beauty, this flouriſhing of the flower is not a meane favour, if any be liſted up for this gift, wee ſay with Saint *Auſtin. lib. 15. d. c. d. c. 28. it is temporale, carnale, in finum bonum*, yet let the mo-deſt know, let ſuch as cannot heare of beauty without the beauty of a bluſh know,

know, it is *bonum quid*, and given *bonis*. God gave it to Rachel, and David and Ioseph. and Iob cap, 42. verse 15 it is said as a thing to be noted; none were found so faire in all the land as the daughters of Iob, as those daughters God gave him for a comfort and reward after his patient abiding of sorrowes. Their beauty is mentioned, as commending and setting them forth unto posterity, as mentioning a solace to comfort those eyes of Iob, that had seene so much evill and deformity in his owne flesh, when c. 2. 8. hee scraped himselfe with a potsheard, and sate downe among the ashes. Though his body was Leprous by the stroke of Satan, yet he lives to see the most comely issue of his loines, mentioned in Scripture as a gift of Gods power, and goodnesse. The heathen Goddess not meanly did expresse her power, and kindnesse to her favorite to whom shee would give a fit consort, & *pulchrâ faciet te prole parentem*, gifts
shew

shew the doner.

Beauty is called by *Tertullian*: *felicitas corporis, de cult. mulier. animæ urbana vestis*, a holy dayes apparell, which even resurrection will not diminish but augment. But let us heare these things with Sobriety, and adde comlineffe of life, to that of body. Some reade *Iob 42. 15.* for none so faire, none were found so good in all the land as the daughters of *Iob*, beauty is then compleat when it is joyned with vertue. *Εὐφίας πάλιν, καὶ ὅτι αἱ γυναῖκες αὐτοῦ καλῶν καὶ ἁγίων ἦσαν ὡς ἡ πόλις, ἡν ἔθηκεν ὁ θεὸς ἰσοῦς τῇ γῆτι, ἡν ἔθηκεν ὁ θεὸς ἰσοῦς τῇ γῆτι*, give mee to be faire in the inward things, *Cl. Alex.* out of *Plato* from: *Lib. 1. 269.* and whatsoever outward things I have, let them be helpfull to things within me. would any know when they have this beauty? goe to the looking glasse, the word of God, into which all of both sexes should lopke more carefully for composure of life, then the fairest Bride doth for ornament of body into the clearest *Christall*, and never should weethinke our selves

selves well dressed but by direction of that undeceiving Glasse. But now when your beauty is truly amiable like Iob's daughters none so good in the land, like *Sasanna* a very faire woman; and one that feared God. Yet such is Gods ordinance, and mans frailty, you must wither, you must like the flower of the field be cut downe. *Hebr. 9. 27.* it is appointed to all men once to dye, a decree is gone forth against these beautifull flowers, some lasted a long time, not the Oake now, as the flowers did once, I meane the Fathers before the flood; yet all came under *Adams* Epitaph *Gen. 5. 5.* and he died, so that no man now may presume of a long life, no not when the flower is most vernant, *Eccles. 14. 12.* remember that death will not be long acomming, but remember it without sadnesse, *eamus lati & agentes gratias. Cic. Tusc. 1.*

In the vulgar it is *testamentum hujus mundi est, morte morietur*, you have the legacy

legacy Gen. 2. in the day thou eatest thereof *morte morieris*. And this is false hastily upon us, our birth is an entrance upon death, beauty is decayed, *Libitina* and *Venus* were the same, *eâdem Deâ ortibus & interitibus præsidente*. Plutarch. Morall. wise men never put the remembrance of death farre off, *Ioseph of Arimathea* makes his Sepulchre in his health, and strength, and in his garden amidst his pleasures.

The glory then of man must goe into the dust, and into ashes, as the flower which is cut downe, nay as the flower which though not cut downe will wither and decay. *debemur morti, nos nostraque*: not wee only that are a mouldring dust, but our stately houses, our curious workes, time will gnaw on them, and consume them, and us. Yet have we nothing to complaine of; 1 Man is in the hands of his maker, as tenants at the will of the Lord, as money lent, *Data est usura vita tanquam pecunia, nullo præstito*

tuto die. *Tusc. 1. Cic.* life is given unto man as money lent without nomination of day of payment, *due in Law* presently, God hath his divine purpose in it. *Si mors certæ cōstitutæ esset ætati fieret homo insolentissimus, & humanitate omni careret. Lact. l. 1. c. 4. de opif. Dei.* were death appointed at a set age, man would be most insolent; and voyd of all humanity, for that man who is so forgetfull of himselfe now, in this uncertainty, while hee may dye in *hoc nunc*, I while I am speaking, you while you are hearing; O how unbrideled would man be if he had certaine assurance that he should not this 20. 30. 40. 50 yeares be called to account, for thinges done in the body. 2 we cannot complaine that dye we must, and suddainly we may, every dieing friend may say to us as dieing *Calanus* to *Alex*: then in health, and young, *brevi te videbo.* neither should it daunt us. *Socrates triduo concessio primo bibit,* having three dayes of death given him

him, underwent it the first, though his Consolation in death was but philosophicall, the *Athenians* have adjudged thee to dye, & the nature: he replieth he knew not that through Christ withering is flourishing, death a passage to life, that life that dieth no more, *Vita vobiscum est & de morte solliciti estis?* Orig. tom. 2, p. 443. with you is life of angels, & are you troubled at the cogitation of death? what is the cause saith hee tom. 2. pag. 522, the mind of wise men, of old men, is hardly brought *ut cedat natura legibus*, this *Hagar* of feare must be cast out, if shee be immoderate shee cannot be heire with the child of the free woman, *Hope of Salvation*.

Ejus est mortem timere qui ad Christum nolit ire, ejus est ad Christum nolle ire qui se non credat cum Christo incipere regnare. Cyprian. de mortalit. p. 341, it is for him to feare death, who would not goe to Christ, and it is for him to be unwilling to goe to Christ, who doth not believee

leeve that hee doth already begin to
raigne with Christ. But some men hap-
pily can resolvedly dye, who cannot
without great sorrow looke upon
deaths stroke in their friendes, such as
was our beloved heretaken from us, for
which losse, I see your great heavinesse,
I feele my owne. The counsell is good,
Ecc. 22, 11, if wee could obey it, make
litle weeping for the dead, hee is at rest,
some wee may, nay great mourning for
some dead, *Gen, 50, 10*, at the threshing
floure of *Atad* was a great and sore la-
mentation for *Iacob*, and from that sore
lamentation I will take my exhortation,
that according to Saint *Paul* none do
sorrow as men without hope v, 1. *Ioseph*
mourning wept over his dead father,
and kissed him. *Teares doe expresse sor-
row, kisses comfort*, wee must mingle in
our mourning, our *Teares with Kisses*,
not as if Corporall presence of dead
friendes could still be enjoyed. *Abraham*
intreateth roome to bury his dead out

of his sight, hee looked for no more of that content, but no doubt hee never ceased upon fit occasions to remember and delight in the manifold comforts once enjoyed: which pious remembrances are as so many *Kisses* of present and beloved friends, our kisses take not away our moderate teares, mourne wee may as sensible of our losse, none have lost more, none may sorrow more then my selfe: heare a litle of his person, and you will be very sensible of my sorrow.

This gentleman whose Corps lieth before us, was the only, and most justly beloved child of Sir PATRICIUS CUREWEN *Baronet*, and his vertuous Lady ISABELLA, of a most auncient and noble family in *Cumberland*: the child I could perceive (for I looked throughly into him, and may be a competent reporter) was modestly sensible of *birthes privilege*; & knew (which much his elders forget) that of *Cicero*, *nobilitas est nihil aliud quàm cognita virtus*; which posterity

is to imitate, and perpetuate; otherwise
*Et genus, & proavos, & quæ non fecimus
 ipsi, vix ea nostra voco.*

Plutarch noteth of *Lysander* that he yeel-
 ded nothing to the posterity of *Hercules*.
 unlesse they did imitate the vertues of
Hercules. and *Cicero ad Quint. fratrem:*
*vides ex amplissimis familiis homines, quod
 sine nervis sint tibi pares non esse.* you do
 see how men of very great families, are
 not equall to thee an upstart, because
 they have not other worth.

Come wee then to what was this
 gentlemans own, not borrowed frō his
 honourable progenitors, if you consider
 him in his bodily partes, he was a *flowre*,
 a *Lilly*, wee found it in his fragrancy, I
 would we had not found it in his *withe-*
ring. gratior est pulchro veniens e corpore vir
tus, & such gracefullnesse had he amōgst
 us, he adorned beauty with humility,
 and modesty, & fortitude even *avdela* ap-
 peared in his tender yeares, who carried
 our a weake constitution, with manly
 patience.

As

As for his generall carriage and giftes of mind, O how beautifull was this *Lilly*! 1 for his piety to God, never did I see the age of 14 so seasoned with piety & devotion, so free from all appearance of *faction*, or *superstition*, the common rocks many doe now fall upon. This under God wee must ascribe to judicious, and carefull parents, who bred a sonne in very remote partes of this Kingdome, almost *ultima Thule*, which for piety, and generous carriage, might be a patterne to the youth of our nation, certainly they were carefull to avoid that reproch, *magna culpa Pelopis qui non erudierat filium. Cic. Tusc. 1.*

His delight was in Gods house, where hee sate as you noted, I doubt not, comely and with attention above the Condition of his yeares; he profited, as I had cause to observe it, exceedingly, his first mornings worke, in which I could discerne antecedent custome, was prayer, and a portion of scripture, which

he performed with manly and serious attention, hee loved the *Sunday* and the *Temple*, and hee died on the *Sunday*, and almost in the *Temple*, having beene in reverend manner on that day at morning and evening *solemnities in the Temple*. I cannot here omit how through Gods providence I walking in the fieldes with him the evening before, (as by reason of his weake body I mixed his study with recreations) wee fell into above an houres communication, not as often wee did in rudiments of humane learning, but our talke was then (so God disposed it) about many fundamentall points of religion, and some polemicall; I found him so apprehensive of reason, so delighting in truth apprehended, so able to discerne a weake objection from a strong, so prompt to conceive an answer and give it some addition of confirmation, *that Apollonius looked not on his Cicero* with more admiration and affection, then I on him. I conjectured

conjectured then, and by some other
markestaken at other times, that some
enemies to the truth had attempted him,
but Trialls are confirmations, to the ju-
dicious.

For his carriage towards man 1. for
parents hee joyed at any mention of
them, was obedient and Dutifull to-
wardes them, his wishes were tender
and pious for them, his soule was able
to discerne they affected really his good,
his spirit was captivated to their will, he
thought no thing good for him, but
what they directed; hee was more gui-
ded by commandes of them *absent*, then
most children are (and yet I know some
good ones) by intreatings or threatnings
of parents that are *present*.

Hee well remembred the counsell of
Solomon Prov. 1, 8. my sonne heare the
instruction of thy father, and forsake not
the law of thy mother, some read *dimi-*
nish not the Law of thy mother, and so
his life expounded it. 2 for parents of the
mind

mind teachers, certainly hee divided his
 soule betwixt the parents of the body
 and them, they gave him earnest dire-
 ctions to shew obedience to mee, as to
 themselves, hee yeelded all obedience
willingly, with *love*, hee was never usu-
 ally out of the teachers society, which
 children and vaine youth doth desire to
 shun. So tractable hee was to all my
 waies, a frowne would deject him, a
 harsh or hasty word would *melt him in-*
to teares, the man must have beene very
 rough, & most indiscreet, that had used
 Stripes, sower discipline was not for
 him who never did in so many moethes
 (you are present that know it) the
 thing *vaine, light, or childish*, and all this
 obedience was mixt as I said with love,
 the life of it If at any time crasinesse and
 distemper of body came upon him (good
 God how should I forget it!) he would
 say to servants tell them not, they grieve
 too much, I shall quickly be well again,
 nay when the very stroke of death
 D came

came, he would have hid it from mee and my consort, but God so disposed wee were both at hand, in our armes this *Lambe of God expired*, and in his very dissolution wee might perceiue his griefe for our teares. 3. for his behaviour towards others, if among superiours, it was reverent, if equality, if inferiours with kindnesse, and with dignity, for his literature and hopes therein, had his body beene strong enough for the diuiner part, he might have out-gone even the great desires and hopes of carefull parents; his memory was quick and would have beene tenacious, such was his diligence; his apprehension cleare, his judgement solid, his invention above his yeates, favouring of mans age, his speech was discret, his gesture comely, his wit pleasant, unoffensive, his presence delectable, and the losse of him hath filled us with mourning, judge you what blessed gifts were in him all cannot be set before your view, and all that

that I have said of this noble gentleman, I have spoke it, and so doe you receive it, not as from an *Oratours desk*, but as from a *sacred Pulpit*.

Touching his dissolution I have not much to say, I would I had nothing, I wish that in maturity of his age hee might have closed these eyes of mine, that I might have been so happy to have seene some of the glorious actions of his great hopefulnesse, His death was sudden. *Julius Cesar* desired such a one, were it that even great spirits are too weake to looke the prepared assault of death in the face, or that warre, in which he delighted, was likely to give him no other death, so that he would seeme to turne a necessity into a choyce, let him judge that hath leasure. The sudden fatall stroke came from an aposteme ingendered about the heart (as the most learned in Physicke were of opinion) which not possibly finding passage, soone drowned that vitall and noble

part, quickly taking, sense, life, motion, from this Lambe of God, by which wee are in grieffe, he in glory.

But some may demand, why hath so much been spoken of a youth of 14. years, a child of Adam? I doe not willingly exceede in this kind, Cicero noteth 2. de legibus: postquam sumtuosa fieri funera et lamentabilia cepissent, Solonis lege sublata sunt.

But a wiser and greater Lawgiver then Solon doth warrant Funerall decencies, 2. Chron. 35. 25. and Ieremiah lamented for Iosiah, and all the singing men, and singing women spake of Iosiah in their lamentations, set out his excellent vertues: Anthems, Verses, Sermons, are fit meanes to honour, & bewaile the death of Gods Saintes.

And for this gentleman, whosoever knew his ornaments of grace and nature as I did, will rather wonder how in so large an argument I could speake so little, inopem me copia fecit. why is so much spoken?

spoken? 1. that we may know the good-
 nesse of God towards a child of Adam,
 we are all conceived in sinne, wee are
 by nature children of wrath, *omnis homo*
in patre & matre pollutus est. Orig. tom. 2.
 164. and the mercy is most worthy our
 remembrance, this gentleman should
 arrive so early, at such a height of grace.
honori tempestivus, qui virtute matu-
rus, let vertue have honour. 2 why so
 much? it is to stirre up young men to
 imitation, I hope God sent this Flower out
 of the North for that purpose, they will
 leave childhood, and vanity, they will
 certainly aime at such perfections as
 youth is evidently capable of. children
 sang *Hosanna* unto Christ, Timothy is
 commended from a child, amongst mo-
 rall men Alexander the great, Hannibal,
 Scipio, Augustus Caesar, atcheived great
 things: *ἐν τῇ τῶν πατέρων ἡλικίᾳ πάντα πράττειν δύναμις*,
 it is an age in which wee may doe all
 things.

3. why so much? to admonish parents
 that

that they make impressions of vertue in their children in youth, when it will stick longest, *argillâ quidvis imitaberis u-
da*, never say, O willingly deluded pa-
rents, your children have time enough,
they are yong enough. *Qui non est hodie
cras minus aptus erit*: you will find it to
your great griefe, whē it will be too late
to redresse it. I am not so unreasonable
or sowre, that I would advise any, to o-
vercharge a child, or prejudice health
which in this sickly gentleman I
most tender, but when you have
happy opportunities of youth, str
capacity, use the time, trifle it not
magni refert saith *Erasmus præfat. in*
Orig. ubi nascaris, in Turkey or in C
stendome, *magis à quibus* of ill natures o-
good, *maximè à quibus instituaris*, that
makes the man.

4. why so much? to abash elder ones
that in thrice his age have not expressed
halfe his vertues: *juventutem tuam nemo
despiciat*, S Cyprian excellently paraphra-
seth,

seth, *multò minus senectutem*, the Poet expresseth it though to an ill purpose *jura senes norint, & quid liceatque nefasque*, it should be so.

5 why so much? to see our losse, *Cumberland*s losse, the righteous perish no man regards it; these are heavy strokes to a people, when God takes away noble and hopefull youth; what an example, what a comfort, what a patriot, might a man have, beene in his coun-
 try, that they not have hoped in
 gone, *ergo Quintilium per-*
 it is the Lords doing,
 it is severe in our eyes;
 say why hast thou done
 with *Iob*, the Lord hath gi-
 Lord hath taken away, bles-
 the name the Lord, as the Lord
 will so commeth it to passe. This is a
 hard lesson to learne, to me as hard as to
 any, but he that gave it to us in his word,
 of his mercy write it in our heartes by his
 spirit. To God the father, god the son. &c.

Laus soli Deo.

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da*, never say, O willingly deluded parents, your children have time enough, they are yong enough. *Qui non est hodie
cras minus aptus erit*: you will find it to your great grieve, whē it will be too late to redresse it. I am not so unreasonable or sowre, that I would advise any, to overcharge a child, or prejudice health, of which in this sickly gentleman I was most tender, but when you have the happy opportunities of youth, strength, capacity, use the time, trifle it not away. *magni refert* saith *Erasmus præfat. in opera
Orig. ubi nascaris*, in Turkey or in Christendome, *magis à quibus* of ill natures or good, *maxime à quibus instituaris*, that makes the man.

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5 why so much? to see our losse, *Cumberland*s losse, the righteous perish no man regards it; these are heavy strokesto a people, when God takes away noble and hopefull youth; what an example, what a comfort, what a patriot, might this gentleman have beene in his country, what might they not have hoped in him? But he is gone, *ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor urget*! it is the Lords doing, it is wonderfull, it is severe in our eyes; yet dare we not say why hast thou done this, rather with *Iob*, the Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name the Lord, as the Lord will so commeth it to passe. This is a hard lesson to learne, to me as hard as to any, but he that gave it to us in his word, of his mercy write it in our heartes by his spirit. To God the father, god the son. &c.

Laus soli Deo.

The body was borne to the buriall
by gentlemen that wayted on
the young nobles.

The two former corners of the sheete
were borne viz.

by M^r George Mountague *Sonnes of the*
right hon. Hen.
M^r Sidney Mountague *E. of Manch.*
L. privy seale.

The two hinder corners

by M. George Berkley son of G. Lord B.
M. William Bridges son of the Lord
Chandos deceased.

The following verses were upon the
hearse.

Friends accompanying the body to C.
Hennage Proby Esquire. High Shriffe
of Buckinghamshire.

S. David Watkins Knight with their
S. Thomas Sanders Knight Ladies.

William Drake Esquire.
Henry Hastings Esquire.

with Gentlemen and gentlewomen of
quality.

IN EXIMIÆ VIRTVTIS

Adolescentulum HENRICUM CURWEN

Armig: Domini Patricii CURWEN Baro-
netti filium unigenitum vario-
rum Tumuli.

obiit Aug.
31. 1636.
die solis.

*Iste dies solis socio mala funera præbens
Nigro scriptus erit qui fuit apicè rubro.
Fata tamen scelus est nimium deflere Sodalis,
Ille etenim cæli culmina sancta petis.*

George Mountague. ætat. 13.
fil. illust. comitis Manchestræ.

*Passer qui matrem latis amisit in agris
Quærit ubique cibum, sed cibus omnis abest.
Pipilat incassum, mater fit surda vocanti,
Clamitat ut veniat, non tamen illa venit:
Sic te dum quæro querulis ululatibus æther
Impletur, sed te non reperire quæro:
Ast ubi te quæram toto defessus in orbe,
Scandisti cælum regna beata Dei.*

Grego. Norton Baronetti
fil. nat. max. ætat. 14.

*Heu quid agam tristis, summus dolor ossibus hæret,
Cor dolet, a nobis noster amicus abest.
Ista dies memoranda mihi est quæ, chære Sodalis,
Horrendo gladio mors tibi membra feris.
Occupat ossa dolor, stimulant præcordia cura*

E

Et

& nostris lachrymis arida terra mades.
Heu perii! nostrum non est reparabile damnum.
non bona, non nummus, charus amicus abest.
O utinam possem precibus tibi reddere vitam,
lassarem precibus, nocte dieque deum.
Sed quid me macero? quid corda doloribus ango?
namque animam cælum, terraque corpus habet.

Johannes Trevour equitis aurati
 fil. nat. max. aet. 12.

How is that morning flower so freshly blowen,
 Toucht with an envious breath, & breathless throwen!
 Those limmes like *Parian* marble curious fram'd,
 Those eyes like gemmes in silver orbe inflam'd,
 Those comely locks resembling *Phœbus* haire
 Those fingers which with *Bacchus* might compare,
 Those lovely looks as had yee blushing grace,
 Ladies, you would but wish for such a face.
 Those all & better parts which lay within
 Have paid deaths obligation made by sin.
 Dust wee are all, to dust we must returne,
 But rise wee shall again; then cease to mourne
 Do not exceede as those that quenched have
 All joy with teares, and sunk all hope in grave.
 Yet mourne, lest whilst you too strong hearted prove
 Men Censure you for wanting love.

Guil. Short Art. Magist.

Si pia pro vestra valuissent vota saluta
chara patri soboles, charior ipsa Dea;
Tuque tuâ vitâ, nos te potivimur amare
Curwen, hæc nobis invida fata negant.
Nec tua te virtus, genus, ars, pietasne colenda
etâ, nec facies, pelleret morte potest.

Sed

*Sed tam rara fides, & cultus numinis alti,
advenit citius sedibus Elisis.
Postquam luminibus vidi te morte peremptum
præpropera & tetigi pollida membra manu.
Obstupui, fleui, mea vox et faucibus hæsit,
attonitusq; steti, morte recente tui.
Attamen ut sensi divina particulam aure
Tempore festino scandere templa poli,
Tum lætus dixi, tua fors cæleste, quid optem
quàm tecum ut celebrem numina sacra Dei?*

Joh. Richardson *Art. Magist.*

So drops the blooming rose, so fades
The lilly in unwelcome shades.
No want of sprightly juyce, cleare aire,
T'in large the sweet, to deck the faire.
But secret venome closely creepes,
To blast the heart whil' st nature sleepes.
And as the worme which undefcayed
Nipt *Jonah's* gourde, to *Curwen* dyed.
Why thine elected spirit so swift
Should quitte earths fabrick, & make shift
T'ore'cop the Stars, thy sudden start
Workes admiration, and my heart
Led by thy trace concludes from hence
Heaven is thus caught by violence.
Nature invites, but grace denies
Thy longer pilgrimage, heaven espies
Thy rip'ned vertue, to which Station,
Thy *Enochs* life findes his translation.
Thou' hast payed thy debt too soone, whiles wee
Must run on score to follow thee.
Thou didst more nobly then dull age,
Who feeles the slow pac'd *Hellicks* rage.
The Gowte, or Palsy, yet out-lives

The long wisht legacy he gives,
 Thy soule like elementall fire,
 Mounts to it's spheare, and thy desire
 Out strips thine hast; as if delay
 Had staid thee here beyond thy day.
 Oh why so soone (deare Saint) oh heare
 Thy Fathers groane, observe the teare
 Thy tender mother sheds, thy friend,
 Whose love admits and brookes no end
 Of thy society, envies
 Thy longer day: but Heaven delights
 Have rapt thine eagre soule, whiles wee
 Weepe to behold thine obsequie.
 Farewell brave spirit, Ile not envy
 Thy glory, he must more then dye
 That meanes to purchase heaven, thy dayes
 Though short unparallell'd, wee praise
 Thy patterne, he that lives like thee,
 Can never dye too suddenly.
 There needes no Epitaph, thy name
 Is thine owne marble, modest fame
 Shall sing this distich, here lies hee
 Whose fourteen spake him sixty three.

Stephen Axtill
Bac. in Medic.

*H*eu nimium nimiumque patri iucundus ocellus
*E*ripitur, Parca sic mala pensa volunt.
*N*ec possunt flecti juvenili Tartara vultu,
*R*umpere savitiam nec probitatis amor.
*I*nvida die quæso cur unguibus optima curvis
*C*arpere gavisus es, gaudia nostra malum.
*V*ernantes quare secuisti falsibus annos,
*S*ub pedibus sternens spemque decusq; patri?
*C*essandumque tibi quid ni violenta putabas

Vulnere,

U ulnere, namque gravi tota sepulta domus.
 R espice quid damni nobis inimica tulisti.
 W Vulnere nam patitur flebilis ista domus.
 E Vix possunt animo luctum tolerare sodales,
 N et mœsti lacerant ungue rigente genas.
 N ec tales Niobe duxit de pectore questus,
 V el Priamus, natus cum raperetur equis.
 S is nimium licet vili contenta Sepulchro,
 Haud erit vili famare posita loco.
 Ingenium, probitas, ævo cantabitur omni,
 Et quem non norunt, secula futura scient.

Paul Solomeaux Gallus
 Vandomienfis.

Sweet soule enjoy thy happy rest
 Prepar'd for thee, whose harmeleffe brest,
 Ne're harbour'd ill, but the disease,
 That suddainly thy life did seize.
 So th'apple falls unperfected
 By that which inwardly it bred:
 What could be wisht to make compleat
 Body & mind in thee were heap't.
 Such radiant vertues did appeare
 In thy rich soule, which made thee here
 Shine like a Starre, and thogh but Greene
 In yeares, yet was there clearely seene
 In all thine actions such a grace,
 As did proclaime thy birth and place,
 To be the only hope and heire
 Of noble parents; and a faire
 Large fortune did no whit elate
 Thy wiser Genius, but to fate
 Thou didst submit, to let us know,
 Thou valuedst not these things below.
 These could not tempt thee, but away

Thou

Thou hastes as if th'hadst knowne the day
Of thy solution, being come
And spent in meeke devotion,
With winged speed thou didst addresse,
To meet that coward mercilesse
Pale tyrant death, who in despight
Hath raviſht us of our delight.
Sleepe on sweet soule, whose every lim
Threatned to conquer death, and not death him.

F. K.

*Hæu mors parce precor paulisper, surripis ipsum
E gremio puerum delitiasque patris.
Non Deus est aliquis frater qui iussa sororum?
Est, sed parcarum jura dat ipse Deus.
Restant grandævi, multis optata fuisti
Cura immaturo flore teratur hama.
Vel mors tu timida es nimium, aut confessor Erynnis,
Sternere nam plures non solet illa simul.
Cum tu permultos simul, & tot tristia nobis
Volvas, quò luctum nunc Schola tota jacet.
Rarius aut mitis nunquam, crudelia siste
Vulnera, spem multam sustulit una dies.
Eludat nullo immunes morse juvenus,
Nam quæ Curwenum sustulit, illa furit.*

John. Hoare.

A Dialogue. { Passenger.
{ Poet.

Passenger.

Tell me I praye what doth this Marble close?

Poet.

A bud it is of a new blooming rose.
A rose that would such an odour infuse,

As

As to walke by none would refuse.
A rose bereaft of sharpe and prick y thorne.
A rose as faire, as ever could be borne.

Passenger.

Why so soone cropt? why was it not let stand,
To grace the rest? whose was the fatall hand
That did the fact!

Poet.

A blast, a chilling blast,
Did nip it so, though it stood pretty fast.
And ere it could its full perfection show
Most hastily it was enforc'd to bowe.
O cruell wind, oh blast infortunate,
To blast that flower kept for to propagate:
None of the stock is left, the branch decay,
Why didst thou then gainst it thy force assay?
If thou must rage, why do'st thou not downe crush
Those empty buds, that are not worth a rush?

Passenger.

Lament no more, thy complaint & thy moane
Is good for naught, for be it late or soone
Both good and bad perish & fall away,
For every man there is a certaine day.
Thou must thy lot beare with a constant mind,
And yet not think the fates to thee unkind.
As for thy bud the sent did recreate
Men here below, so it will elevate
It still on high, even to the heavens above,
Where mercy dwells, peace, charity, & love.
And in the place wherein too soone it fell
Perpetuate ever its most pleasing smell

Poet.

I hope it shall, and ever from it rise
Nothing but Musk, or Myrrhe, or Ambergriese.
And let me now this Epitaph engrave

In

In future times to stand upon his Grave.

H old off, I cannot passe this hallowed shrine.
 E re I have paid due tribute of my teares.
 N othing of Horroure's here, all is divine.
 R are melody enchaunt the listning eares
 Y eelding such sweet content expell all teares;
 C ome nearer friend who in this dead of night
 V isit's with me pale Tombes, see see this light,
 R egard that voice, for mee no teares, no cryes.
 W ast not thy pretious drops in vaine, thy eyes
 E re let be two alimbecks to distill
 N umbers of teares for thy owne passed ill.

*Paul Solomeaux Gallus
 Vandomienfis.*

FINIS.

